VOICES *of* PEACE

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VOICES *of* PEACE

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EDITORIALS

THE AFTERMATH OF CHRISTMAS

A subtle change, unnoticed by some, has gradually permeated the campus. A few weeks ago the trees, which are now bare and wan, still clutched a few stray leaves in their arms; the wind, now biting and invigorating, was then a wayward sprite, peeping carelessly in the windows and chuckling to herself of the jolly time to come.

The campus was then the loitering place after school hours, but now girls returning from town find it necessary to walk hurriedly to reach the protecting gates before dark. They enter with crimson cheeks and noses, and laughing eyes, laden with bulging bundles. The very air seems to be filled with mystery and glamour.

Always the last few weeks before Christmas are the busiest, and it really is the time when one longs to throw away her dry text-books and indulge in dreams of the good times to come.

But even Christmas must come and go, and after the holidays comes school again. One should try not to dream too much, these last few days, but study with more concentrated zeal, for the realization of dreams is always more pleasant if one has the knowledge of work well done.

MY GIFT

Starlight on the plains of Juda,
Spreading tidings through the night;
Telling men of the Messiah,
Of the long foretold Messiah,
Of the Saviour and Messiah,
Come to save the world with light.

Starlight on the plains of Juda,
Guiding vassals to the King;
Guiding shepherds to the manger,
Eastern prophets to the manger,
Kings and servants to the manger,
Come each one his gift to bring.

Starlight on the plains of Juda,
I have seen thy light above!
Frankincense the royal treasure,
Myrrh the oriental treasure—
Naught have I of this world's treasure,
All I have to bring is love.

MARION TATUM, '30.

CHRISTMAS IN '78

A bright, crackling fire, roaring up a huge old-fashioned fireplace, furnished all the lights for the spacious, low-ceilinged room, with its dark, hazy corners and smoothly worn stone floor. The floor had been scrubbed until a dull white, and here and there upon it, were long board tables with benches drawn neatly up. Upon these tables were big bowls of holly, whose crisp red balls gleamed brightly through the dainty, prickly leaves. On either side of the immense fireplace were half concealed, half-lighted old cupboards, from behind whose diamond-paned doors peeped china plates and cups, sparkling glasses, and bits of old silverware.

Triple windows, almost hidden behind heavy cotton draperies, showed a night with swirling snowflakes, bent trees, and glistening ice. The wind, with rising and falling inflections, moaned and sighed, as it whipped around the side of the square stone building.

Down the old stone stairway with its iron railing, came a slim brown-haired girl. Her head was downbent, and nervously she dabbed at her wet cheeks and eyes with a little firilled handkerchief. As she stepped forward, the firelight flickered upon the soft folds of her blue homespun frock with its white collar and cuffs. She raised her head and glanced at the chiming clock on the mantel. Her hair was parted in the middle and looped back in soft waves to the nape of her neck. There was a strikingly poignant beauty in her heart-shaped face with its expressive brown eyes and rosy lips. Suddenly, with a sob, she fell in a little heap before the fire and buried her tear-stained face in the folds of her blue dress.

An elderly woman with a lace cap crowning her snowy locks paused at the head of the stairway and looked down into the

room. Her shoulders drooped and tears welled into her sweet gray eyes as she gazed at the crumpled heap before the fire.

"My poor child, you're all that I have left! First, father, and now Roger, my only son, shot down like birds from the sky," she murmured, sadly shaking her head. She turned back into her bedroom and softly closed the door, leaning heavily against it and sighing deeply.

A wild clamor of hoofs and sleigh bells sounded from the courtyard and the woman ran to the window. Putting her hands up to either side of her face, she peered through the frosted panes. With a gasp she tore away and hastily straightened her shawl.

"It's the British! I know it is! I saw the red of their coats! Where is the British flag? I must place it where it can be seen!"

With agitated mien she pulled open a cupboard drawer and produced a red banner upon which was embroidered the British coat of arms. She hurried down the stairs and was in the act of hanging it before the mantel when the door was flung open and three men strode noisily in, scattering a whirlwind of snowflakes and cold air.

Patsy slowly raised her head as the tallest of the three cried out in a booming voice:

"Greetings, my good people! What a beastly night! Ah! a fire!"

His two companions, who seemed to be his servants, helped him draw off his heavy fur cloak and thick leather gauntlets, revealing his crimson coat. His eyes were bright and full of fire, his mouth and chin firm, bespeaking a man of deeds, his tall figure light, lithe, and supple. His gravity and soldierly bearing revealed the fact that he was born to command. He almost stumbled over Patsy as he approached the fire with outstretched hands. Looking down, he cried out, gently:

"Oh! Ho! A little maid a-weeping! Rise, my dear, and wipe your pretty eyes!"

Patsy stiffly arose and stood beside her mother, who was gazing up at the scarlet coated men with a mingling of awe and distaste in her eyes, now hard and cold. She clutched the flag in trembling hands. The tears still stood in the daughter's eyes, but her manner became sullen and unyielding.

"Mother, what hostile faces! Am I not to gather from the red banner yonder that you are Loyalists?"

An amazed expression flooded his handsome face.

There was total silence for a period, except for the crackling of the fire and the creaking of the wooden sign outside, which announced to the world, "Ye Inn."

Mother Byrde opened her mouth to speak, stammered a few words, and then closed it, while her face flushed scarlet.

"Don't deceive him, mother!" cried Patsy, in a clear, ringing voice. With a jerk of her hand she tore the banner from her mother and held it out before her.

"Do you see this flag?" she exclaimed, shaking it in the officer's face, and scorn filled her young voice. "That thing has meant disease, starvation, ruin, and death to all my loved ones. Do you not see that this is not war? War? Ha! How could you call reveling in the blood of your own brothers, war? Answer me! What are you going to do to us? You know now —even though my peace-loving mother tried to conceal the fact —that we are Patriots—that we are not Loyalists. What a word! Loyal!"

"This is Christmas night." Patsy's voice stilled to a quiet tranquility. "Christ, the God we all worship, was born on this day. Yet, though perhaps even *you* have heard the expression, 'Peace on earth, good will to all mankind,' soon our home here will be lying in ashes, and our murdered bodies will lie here, mingling our red blood with the red flames and the red flag. That's why the banner is crimson. It is stained with blood!"

Outstretching her free hand she pulled aside the curtains that concealed a heavy oil painting on the wall. A kindly, smiling face looked gently down upon them. The three soldiers stood perfectly erect and stared, as though carved out of marble, up into the noble countenance. The mother was weeping, her hands folded in her white apron. As Patsy gazed, tears welled again into her eyes. She murmured:

"General Washington! What a world of love and feeling rests in that name! He has given up all he loves best and holds most sacred to lead a band of hungry, weary, heart-sore men who are fighting for the liberation of their souls and bodies from a group of well-fed, well-warmed, well-clothed men, who would wrest life, liberty, and happiness from a few defenseless people, whose only wish is for freedom. Where are your hearts and minds, you English, that you can ravage and pillage the homes of poor people who left your land that they might seek shelter and peace away from your nation? Our soldiers, fighting for a dying cause, track across snow and ice, leaving bloody footprints, which are signs and which will be everlasting emblems of your thirst for blood. Red against white!"

With a twist of her wrist she tossed the red bunting into the fire and stood with folded arms watching the flames hungrily lick it up.

The soldier, to whom this tirade was addressed, looked first at the portrait and then at the burning banner, as though trying to make some decision. His companions stood immovable and unflinching.

In the silence could be heard the faint approach of marching feet.

"It is the American army approaching! Our few, brave men, who are pitting their little strength against the British masses!" the girl whispered, in hushed tones.

Instantly the officer gained his speech and spoke with an ironical note in his voice:

"I think that a meeting with your admirable general would be interesting."

Patsy stood transfixed, with clenched hands and beating heart. Her mind pictured a meeting between the Patriots and this Loyalist, and a pang of unaccountable anxiety for him filled her. Hardly had she realized it when the door opened and the commander-in-chief of the rebels entered with his aides.

"General Washington!" chorused Patsy and her mother, as they curtsied deeply.

"Merry Christmas!" he exclaimed heartily, bowing low, his hat in his hand. Straightening, he looked full into the eyes of the officer. Recognition lighted his face. Striding forward, he extended a hand, cracked and bleeding from his struggles in the ice and snow.

"Greetings, John! This is a happy meeting! I am relieved that you are safe."

The officer's face was wreathed in smiles as he received the cordial welcome of his chief.

"Are the papers safe?" asked the general, anxiously.

"Yes, General Washington, my trip was successful and not a British soldier recognized me as a rebel in this uniform."

Washington turned and, one hand placed on John's shoulder, the other resting lightly on Patsy's curly head, said:

"This is John Graham, Patsy. He is one of my bravest men, who has made it possible for me to give the Hessians a surprise party tonight."

Shyly glancing up into the handsome, dark eyes above the brilliant coat, the girl's face became rosy with an inner consciousness of happiness.

A similar spark kindled in his eyes as a realization of their mutual feelings possessed him.

While Washington and his aides discussed with John Graham the coming battle, Patsy and her mother busily prepared a Christmas supper for the tired and famished men.

Resting in a comfortable armchair with the firelight playing upon his handsome face, and idly stroking the silky fur of a sleeping cat, John followed Patsy's dainty figure with his eyes as she gaily tripped to and fro, carrying china and silver in the preparation of supper.

After an hour of enjoyment and refreshment for them all, the soldiers made ready to leave for the coming battle.

Patsy accompanied them to the door, clinging affectionately to Washington's arm and murmuring words of encouragement. John bade Mother Byrde farewell, and, drawing Patsy aside, said:

"I'll return, my brave little Patriot!"

DOROTHY BLANKENSHIP, '30.

LITTLE THINGS

Some people say that the big things count,
But seems to me that little things
Can do so much to a lonely heart—
Much joy and comfort they can bring.

A friendly smile to a broken heart,
A bit of praise for some good deed,
A friendly word when the way seems dark—
These little things are what friends need.

ELIZABETH BEARDEN, '29.

CHEWING GUM ADDICTS

Chewing gum addicts form a fearsome, raucous, and ever-increasing majority of today's American populace. The situation cannot be dismissed with a horrified gasp, or a shudder of distaste. *Everyone does it, my dear!* Jaws are incontestably jaws, and the delicate and massaged ones of a "blue-blooded Virginian" or of a member of the stiff and moneyed "four hundred" are chewing with the same vociferous whacks—with the precise movement introduced by the calsomined jowls of Bargain-counter Tess.

I have often been counseled by my mother, a most diligent and patient parent, as to the evils of the habit, have removed large, comfortable wads of gum from the indignant polished surface of the "best" furniture, so that her accusing eye might not wither me with reproach, spiritual exhaustion, and mental ire. Maternal advice is always administered in large doses and must be absorbed slowly and contemplatively. While lending a respectful and attentive ear to her admonitions, I could not refrain from feeling my arbiter in all matters a trifle prejudiced concerning the flourishing, gum-chewing, younger generation. This mistake was made before I began "growing-up" and became feminine enough to develop "nerves" and an unaccountable taste in perfumes and celluloid heroes.

Now that I am in the hesitant, tremulous teens, my viewpoint on life in general and chewing-gum addicts in particular, has undergone a complete metamorphosis. A placidly working jaw can inspire in me an immediate and alarming revlusion, can stir along my spine a cool, chill sensation, can fret my brow with irritable, protesting wrinkles. I often gaze in a fascinated, nervous trance at the steady jaw motion of an unconscious torturer, listening in expectant tautness for the resultant, rasp-

ing "pop." Frantically, I endeavor to deafen myself to the wild music with a desperate effort at concentration, but my mind, which is a fickle, teasing jade, undergoes all the misery of those poor, tired jaws, and deserts me in my hour of need. In desperation I end by petitioning feebly, "Anne! How 'bout some chewing-gum? You're playing *Yankee-Doodle* with yours, and I can't finish this letter for listening to you!"

A pause while Anne fishes obligingly in her pockets.

"Aw-right now, Al McLean! You save that piece! I've had mine a week!"

I grasp the gum thankfully and stuff it hastily into my mouth, making as much noise as possible. Somehow, one's own private racket is not at all annoying!

I am becoming a chewing-gum addict, a disturber of the peace, a mere mortal, crushed and defeated beneath the terrific, sticky, and popular onslaught of gum. What is there to do, but accept my fate with resignation and chew loudly with the rest?

ALICE MCLEAN, '29.

GREEN AND GOLD

The green of fern fronds, gold of daffodil;
A feathery willow 'gainst a golden sky;
A golden throated song-bird calling nigh,
Half-hidden in an oak tree on the hill—
One call, and then the earth is still
And breathless, waiting for the clear, sweet cry—
Vagrant breezes through the tall grass sigh—
Again it comes—a softly liquid trill!
The pale disc of the rising moon, old gold
Above the green and gold-tipped fields of grain;
The crickets, tree-toads, frogs join the refrain
Of nature's woodland nocturne never old—
God's wonders, sent to earth to bless
His people—curfew in the wilderness.

Marion Tatum, '30.

ELIZABETHAN EXPLORATION

English exploration in the time of Elizabeth surpassed that of all the other countries of the world. Before, religious affairs and war had dominated England, and the natural restlessness of man had been partly suppressed. This wandering, sea-roving, ambitious spirit had collected and finally manifested itself in this period of expansion in both commerce and colonization. A modern world was built on a much larger plan, and people hastened to seek adventure as Lindbergh and his followers do today. Unlike Lindbergh, however, who had no outstanding

reason for his notable exploit other than proving that the trip across the Atlantic could be made in an airplane without stopping, Elizabethan explorers had definite ambitions that were built on the situation of England and on plans for the future.

Since the time of Henry VII conditions in England had appeared unfavorable for this remarkable outburst of maritime adventures, for Henry VII and Henry VIII had little time to use their influence for anything except peace and the establishment of an Anglican Church. They did make a beginning, however, in exploration.

Henry VII, thinking that money was the controlling power of the nation, made commercial treaties allowing free trade with the continent, thus enriching the treasury. He chartered the "Merchant Adventurers," traders in wool with the Dutch, and granted them special privileges that would encourage other foreign traders. He aided not only in commerce, but in colonization also, for it was he who granted John Cabot a patent to explore under the English flag and to claim any part heretofore "unknown to Christians." This voyage was made to North America and paved the way for later English explorers, colonizers, and traders. It was the basis of English claim on America, but the true work remained unfinished.

The contributions of his son and successor, Henry VIII, made exploration a reality rather than a dream. In the first place, by his strong absolute rule he established a united kingdom, free from rebellion and petty wars, giving time for the development of material things. Not alone did the king interest himself in the dockyards and the men, but he realized the necessity of naval ships that moved more by sails than by the strength of rowers, and built a modern fleet that could compete with that of any of the other European countries. Henry VIII gave his time to the creation of a modern fleet of galleons, that later defeated the Spanish Armada and was the forerunner of

the "first rate three-decker, ship-of-the-line." He armed this new invention with the best guns of the world, some of which are still in use.

Henry VIII also wrote a text-book discussing in detail "range-finding" in the ocean, "star-shells" to find the enemy at night, and other modern fire-arms.

Besides these causes of the age of exploration, there were developments in the country, such as the growth of industry, that helped. The protestant reformation in Holland and France was driving out the middle class, the merchants and other independent workers. Quite naturally, trade and industry in these countries decreased and England was given a chance to develop its own manufacturing.

The discovery of iron for machinery and the progress of agriculture aided greatly in this. An increase in the population caused the demand for manufactured products to be greater; there were more to do the labor, both in the fields and in the workshops; and, consequently, there was more commerce and foreign trade.

After the rules of the two weak successors of Henry VIII, the encouragement of the strong, tactful new ruler, Queen Elizabeth, gave new life to everything. Men turned their ambitions, their desires, their eagerness for adventure, and their restlessness to the changing of a nation, to the modernizing of a medieval country. Elizabeth herself lent encouragement by her peace policy, her economical rule, and her policy for trade expansion. Besides these, she gave honor to such men as Sir Francis Drake and Sir Walter Raleigh, for to be a favorite of the queen was the highest reward that one could receive.

Besides these causes of the greatness of the age was the one advantage which England had over the other countries of Europe—that of being an island. On all sides she might easily venture out into the sea, almost all of her towns were seaports,

and the most natural occupation of the men was to fish, to trade, or to fight on naval boats.

In fact, most Englishmen during the peaceful reign of Elizabeth did lead a sea-faring life, for there were nine or ten thousand men in the English navy alone, besides the fishermen and those who manned the tonnage boats. There were eight hundred and ninety-one freight-bearing ships, and innumerable fishing boats that did not venture far out at sea. This was indeed a navy to be proud of in those days, for England could boast not only of their number, but also of their power. The old, cumbersome galley ship had given place to one that could withstand the perils of the sea and the attack of the enemy, as well as one that was able to sail swiftly.

With such an excellent navy it would be impossible to expect anything but a great commercial nation. Trade with the Orient revived, and the demand for luxuries in England increased the imports from the East. The development in the manufacture of woolen goods caused an increase in exports to Holland, France, and foreign shores unknown before, but good prospects as trading ports. Africans, taken to the West Indies as slaves, made a profitable trade for men such as Sir John Hawkins, as well as the African Company organized for the slave trade.

There were other trading companies, too, that acted in the place of individuals. These organizations advanced more than individuals because they were chartered by the king and had united to give protection to their members. Each company had a monopoly in a specific part of the world. The Merchant Company, the oldest of these, was organized in the reign of Henry VIII to carry on the woolen trade with the Dutch, and was given special privileges by Elizabeth. Other great trading companies were the "Levant," directing the commerce in Turkey and Asia Minor; the "Eastland," in the Baltic Sea, and the Russia Company, in Russia. The greatest association

of merchants, however, was the East India Company, which began the empire of Great Britain in India.

Individual traders were less important in the commercial world, but aided a great deal in subduing the worst enemy of England, Spain, and in adding greater knowledge of the world. The first of these traders was Sir John Hawkins, a slave trader of the West Indies. From the islands he carried negroes to the Spanish colonies in what is now South America, and sailed up and down the coast, reaching as far north in the western hemisphere as Florida. Though he might have been more valuable to England had he started a colony in Florida during the sixteenth century, Hawkins, with his trade, helped defeat Spain.

Another kind of trader was the freebooter, who, though not chartered, had a secret permit to prey upon Spain wherever he chanced to meet her sailors. Chief among these was Sir Francis Drake, a gentleman in great favor with the Queen. He sailed about the Gulf of Mexico, on the Spanish Main, and, wherever he found a chance, swooped down like an eagle upon Spain. He was the second man in the history of the world to encircle the globe.

The greatness of Sir Francis Drake, however, was not in this voyage so much as it was in his continued attacks upon England's ancient foe, Spain, which ended in the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588. This victory of England not only caused the downfall of Spain, which never reached such a height again, but established English supremacy, so that her foreign expeditions no longer had Spain to fear so much. It also increased the spirit of nationalism, as was shown by the zeal with which Englishmen tried to go out and establish new colonies, new trading posts, and anything whereby they might increase their own wealth and thus make the mother country prosperous.

Often the traders established posts that later became towns, such as those in Canada around the Hudson Bay.

There were other early colonizers, too, who were unsuccessful in every attempt. Among these were Sir Walter Raleigh and his half brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who came to the shores of North Carolina and settled at Roanoke. The story of the first English child born in America and the lost colonists is familiar to all North Carolinians. Unsuccessful as this expedition was, it made others determine to succeed in an attempt to plant England in America.

In the northern part of North America were other explorers, such as John Frobisher, who, in searching for a northwest passage to Asia, explored Greenland, Hudson Strait, and other parts of that territory. John Davis was another northwestern adventurer.

Bartholemew Gosnold, one of the last of the colonizers of the Elizabethan age, sailed along the coast of Maine and Cape Cod, but his idea of colonization was abandoned for trade. He was one of the members of the council that chartered the Jamestown colonists. Thus we have the great Elizabethan age of exploration as the foundation upon which England built an empire in a new world.

The effects of this magnificent era have lasted down to our present time, for the zeal of the early adventurers kindled the flames that set the world afire with the desire for greater trade and more colonies, or, in other words, with the desire to gain wealth, which was the true purpose of all their undertakings.

The English colonies, for which the foundation was laid in the sixteenth century, were established, grew, and were organized to form the United States, Canada, India, and several islands of the West Indies. Today one hundred and sixty million speak the English language. English civilization covers the greater part of the western hemisphere and is now expanding further in the "dark" continents of Asia and Africa.

Instead of the stern Catholic rule that this country might have had under France or Spain, colonial rivals of England, we have freedom of religion, that people may worship as they please and not be dominated by an all-powerful ruler.

The explorers found a country worth settling, worth the risk of thousands of lives. They gave their lives to adventures that increased the knowledge of the English people, that helped answer the question, "What is the land across the ocean?" They brought lands and wealth to a nation.

The increase in wealth from the booty taken from the Spanish and from the trade in America and India, affected mainly the demand for luxuries in dress, in food, in furniture, in everything.

These new demands quickened the development of industry, that the wishes of the people might be granted. Also, commerce was necessary for the exchange of their manufactured goods for raw products that were discovered in the explored regions. Luxuries of the East were desired in England. Thus we have the cycle: commerce and trade caused wealth; wealth, luxuries; luxuries, industry; industry, commerce; and so around the cycle that made England the greatest and wealthiest nation of the world.

Mary Kirkland, '29.

DECEMBER

What does December mean to me?
Gaunt limbs against the sky,
The leaves brushed down from every tree,
And birds that southward fly;

Frost to paint the fields all white,
Winds to blow and moan,
The day so brief, so long the night,
To make me feel alone;

A darkening sky, a whirl of snow
To pile about my door;
And I am sad because I know
The summer is no more.

Another year has come and gone
And leaves me here with dreams
Of mighty things I might have done—
But years are short, it seems.

I shall forget the frost, the snow,
Long nights, and wind-swept tree,
And thrill as I set out to find
What the new year holds for me.

GRACE HARRIS, '30.

THE DANCING HEART

Sister Mary Angela lay dying. The business of the convent went on as usual, because it had always been a generally accepted fact that Sister Angela could not live. Now that the end seemed near, the nuns told her she should not be sorry. Truly, she was more comfortable than she had been for many years, for the horrible racking cough had ceased to torture her throat so often.

As she lay there, so pitifully still and small, her slight form scarcely rippling the coarse white sheets, she was strangely beautiful—much more, poor child, than she had been during the days when she had been able to be up. The hard lines gone from the corners of her mouth, her face was soft and childlike, but expressionless save for the wistful dark eyes which wandered unceasingly about the room.

Sister Angela raised her hand and motioned toward the window, for the close heat of the room was heavy with the scent of sacrificial oils the Bishop had used in administering Extreme Unction. With a great bustle, the nun swished over and raised the shade. She continued to move about the room, the planks creaking under her heavy tread, and the clink of her rosary beads sounding out jarringly as they swung against the chairs, until Sister Angela signified her wish to be left alone.

Following the fluttering figure with her eyes until the door closed, Sister Angela wondered if she should be happy now since she was dying. Wasn't she going to be out of this world of pain? Wasn't she practically sure of heaven? Even the Bishop had told her she was too good to be a mortal. But suppose her life had been left to her—would she be so sure of heaven? She had never had a chance to express her personality, her individuality. Nobody had ever wanted her. Even Death

seemed loathe to take her. Her girl-mother had abandoned her nineteen years before on the convent steps, and, unable to walk farther, had died in the yard close by. The sisters had kept her only because they thought she was so frail she would soon die, and had seemed to consider it an injustice to them that the little mite had the audacity to live.

All her short life the nameless little waif had been shunned by other children; so, at the earliest possible age, she had taken the veil. Here, too, she had been undesirable, for even then she was quite evidently suffering from consumption. Although her life had been unmistakably good, it had also been unmistakably empty.

Oh, to live! Not particularly a good life, but a vivid life full of action. A large tear trembled for an instant on the dying nun's lashes, then coursed slowly down her cheek.

Why could she not have been like other people, free to choose her own career, her habits, her mode of living? Early she had shown an aptitude to express her emotions by dancing. Her original motif had had the languorous grace, with the hint of restrained passion, that is found in the movements of a lithe Bengal tiger. The sisters had found her one day dancing—an unrestrained pagan sort of dance—in the chapel before the altar. She had been reported to Mother Theodosia, Sister Superior of the Convent; and as penance for her sin, "vile desecration," the bewildered little girl had been forced to spend many weary hours in the chapel praying for forgiveness for the offense which was to her as natural as eating or sleeping.

She had never forgotten this incident. Now the cruelty and injustice of it rose stronger than ever for its long suppression. Oh, if her mother had been able to carry her just one house farther down the street!

Next to the convent was the palatial establishment of Madame de Ponsette, a dancer of renown. Had the baby been left on this door-step, she would in all probability have grown up to

the stage, dancing for people who wanted her and loved her. Instead of the heavy black serge and white linen Dominican habit, now hanging so primly on a nail in the wall, there would have been entrancingly fluffy things of white tulle and pink ruffles, gleaming sheaths of white or silver satin, or softly transparent, flowing draperies such as she had seen on surreptitious night visits to the hall windows overlooking the great house next door. Here she had seen the gayly costumed dancers going in and out; and occasionally, when the door opened, had caught momentary glimpses of couples floating on floors gleaming like mirrors with the reflected rays of the crystal chandeliers. These stolen visits to the window had been dangerous intoxicants to the young girl in whose heart was so strongly suppressed the desire for rhythmic motion.

More tears slipped down the course formed by the first and fell among the pearly white folds of the outing nightrobe. Sister Angela lay with clinched fists, her harsh sobs shattering the stillness of the convent room—the place which had robbed her of life and hope. Now it was too late.

Too late? She was still alive, and according to the doctors, peculiarly strong. Her sobs quieted and the little nun lay gathering her strength for the effort. Then, her eyes glowing with tenacity of purpose, she slowly drew herself erect and lowered her feet to the floor. Her brain reeled, but sharply she pulled herself together. She must not fail now—die before she had achieved her last desperate purpose. Fixing her eyes on the shaft of light which slanted through the one raised blind, Sister Angela stood, swaying slightly on her feet. With a thrill of joy she realized that the ray of light made a perfect "spot" in the shadowy darkness of the sickroom—a fit stage for her debut. "No," she corrected, "not 'debut.' 'Absolutely last appearance.'" Her shoulders shook with mirthless laughter, and tears rolled down her face, contorted with sobs and laughs.

Then, to an improvized tune and rhythm—she danced, slowly

at first, with a wistful, pleading motif. The movement changed to a fiercer, wilder one, the rhythm flickering and throbbing like the sobs of a woman. With another sudden change the dance became harsh and bitter, pregnant with an unquenchable longing which filled the dying nun's face—an unconsciously interpretive dance which was the sudden out-pouring of the girl's long suppressed desire.

The room grew darker, the only light coming from the long, slanting ray of the fast setting sun. Striking a triumphal note, the dancing girl flung back her head and, as she paused in the center of the shaft of light, sank slowly to her knees. Her body was convulsed by a violent paroxysm of coughing, as her hands clutched her throat, trying to force air into her bursting lungs. Then, straightening, she smiled the first smile that had ever brightened her little face, and, kissing her hands to her invisible audience, fell softly to her side. She had taken her curtain-call, and now the spotlight was turned slowly off as the sun sank below the far-distant rim of the earth.

The nuns found her there, a crumpled heap. The dancing heart was stilled forever.

MARION TATUM, '30.

THE SPIRIT OF GIVING

Do you ever think, when the Christmas bells chime,
Why we give gifts at Christmas time?
Long ago, in Bethlehem, one silent morn,
Jesus Christ, our Lord, was born.

Three wise men with gifts had traveled far,
Following the course of a beautiful star;
It stopped o'er the place where Jesus lay
In a manger on a bed of hay.

They entered and found the little Christ Child,
And before the manger their gifts they piled.
This is why, when Christmas bells chime,
We give gifts at Christmas time.

Ruth Spurrier, '30.

UNCLE ISAAC'S BOOTS

"How's yo' copperasity gasticulatin', Uncle Isaac?"

"I's po'ly, Abe! Mighty po'ly!"

"Reckon you'll feel too bad to go to the big ball they'se havin', then, won' you?"

"What's dat, Abe?" Uncle Isaac was always "po'ly," but he never lost a chance to attend any kind of celebration, expecially if there was a possibility of dancing. Every Sunday he "got religion," and resolved never to dance again. Strange to say, he kept these resolutions—that is, until the next Saturday night, when some of the children got up contests for "pigeon-wings" or "clogs." Little Abe made a very good plantation newspaper, and Uncle Isaac never missed anything.

At this particular time, the plantation had been thrown into a great stir by the news that two nights after Christmas, there would be held in the big barn, a dance for all the servants. Not only would Joe fiddle, and Jake play the banjo, but two accordian players and a fiddler were coming from Holloway's plantation, up the river. Of course Uncle Isaac must go to the biggest dance of the year!

A few days later, to his grief, Uncle Isaac found that a rat had been nibbling on his cheese of happiness—or rather, this time, a goat, for Romp had found the most delicious pair of boots it had been his good fortune to chew upon. And, worst of all, Christmas came nearer, arrived, and passed with all its presents, but Isaac was still wearing his old everyday boots.

The dance was set for a Saturday night. Late Saturday afternoon Mrs. Mason sent her husband's boots from the big house to Isaac's cabin in order that he might shine them. Later Isaac reflected that they did shine—at the ball. The

temptation had been too great. Mr. Mason had an especial fondness for the old negro man, and usually forgave him when he got into petty troubles. Isaac took advantage of this kindness.

The big dance was over, and even the youngest dancer had not enjoyed it more than Uncle Isaac, but none was more spent. He dropped upon his little bed and slept until morning.

The deep tones of the rising bell fell upon a miserable negro, and the morning sun cast its rays on a bent old man tugging helplessly at the now hated boots. He pulled in vain. A child stopped at the call for help, and soon several friends had gathered to assist Isaac in removing the boots. It was of no avail, however, and Mr. Mason, becoming impatient at Isaac's delay in returning the boots, sent Abe to bring them at once. Abe arrived at a crucial time.

"Isaac, you know you cain't git them boots off that-a-way! You done tried de boot-jack, and dat didn't do no good! Now do whut I'm tellin' you. De swellin' ain't goin' down 'less it's got a down to go to, is it? Can it? Well, git some rope or somethin', tie it roun' yo' laigs, and tie de other en' to de ceiling. You kin res' on your back till de swellin' downs!"

No sooner had Abe's advice been taken than Jake called, "You better all git out o' here, quick, 'cause Young Marse 's comin' down de hill!"

Poor Isaac cast one agonized look toward heaven and moaned. Only Abe remained to answer the master's knock.

"Abe, where is Isaac?"

"Uncle Isaac says he ain't here, suh!"

Mr. Mason pushed the boy aside and entered the room to see two boots dangling from the ceiling. Isaac was at last free.

"Isaac!"

A grey head appeared above the window through which Isaac had dived.

"Isaac, come here. Abe, get that butcher knife from the barn."

"At this, the old slave groaned to himself, "Dis am de time when Abraham kills Isaac sho' 'nuff!"

By the time Isaac had told his story, Abe had returned with the knife and cut down the boots, as his master had directed.

"Isaac," said Mr. Mason, "anyone who likes his boots enough to sleep in them unnecessarily, should certainly have them!" And handing them to the amazed Abe, he left the cabin.

But that Sunday Isaac experienced enough religion to last him the rest of his life.

CLOSS PEACE, '30.

HARVEST MOON

An hour I wandered in a wood
One autumn day so rare;
I went to find a late wild rose,
Or see the last birds there.

I lingered in the autumn wood—
I felt myself quite bold.
The darkness fell; the harvest moon
Soared up, a deep red-gold.

I lingered on; the burnished moon
Upon me cast a spell;
The silver clouds, its setting,
Made me long to dwell

Forever in that hallowed glow
Created by those beams.
But if I ever dwell there,
'Twill be only in my dreams.

Martha Gruver, '29.

THE MYSTERIOUS CHRISTMAS PRESENT

Sam Mason was winding his watch and looking carefully at the hands of the big clock in the jewelry shop window. For five years on his way to the office he had stopped and compared his watch with that clock, the most accurate time-piece in the neighborhood. Suddenly, he paused, his finger still on the stem of the watch. His eyes, for a second gone astray, had spied a slender platinum chain with a black opal pendant of marvelous beauty, which cast green, yellow, and purple shadows on the white satin lining of the box which held it. He pressed closer to the window, entranced by the beauty of the stone.

"The very thing for Kate's Christmas present, and she's crazy about opals, too!" the young man murmured to himself and stepped inside the shop.

An old man with glasses pulled down on the tip of his nose came forward to wait on his customer.

"The black opal—it's a wonderful stone," he remarked at Sam's request to see the pendant. He took it out of the window and handed it to Sam. "It is two thousand dollars, sir, and cheap at that."

After looking at it closely, Sam returned it to the collector, saying, "All right, I'll take it; have it wrapped with my card and sent to 906 Riverside Drive, before Christmas Day. I suppose Christmas Eve will be soon enough." With a last look at the stone, which the jeweler still held, he went on his way to the office with a sigh of relief, for the Christmas gift was off his mind.

That night the jeweler, Mr. Wells, sat at his desk looking through a pile of letters, all of which were applications for the position of stone cutter, which at that time was open in

his shop. After reading over several of these, he came to one from an old friend:

St. Louis, Mo., December 15, 1927.

Lee Wells & Son,
285 Forty-second St.,
New York City.

Dear Lee:

I am taking the liberty of sending to you a young Japanese whom I can highly recommend. In fact, I hate to give him up, but he gave me to understand, when I employed him several months ago, that he was traveling over this country working for all the big jewelers for experience; and so when I mentioned that you were a collector of precious stones and antique jewelry, and in need of a stone cutter, he asked me to write to you. I am writing, and Sing Fu is leaving tonight. I knew from his expression that he wanted a chance with you; and, as he is a first-class cutter, I do not hesitate to send him to you. I hope business is good with you this winter. Remember me to your family.

Always your old pal,

Jimmy Fuller.

With a sigh of relief that at last he had found a competent man, Mr. Wells rose, turned off the light, and departed. His worries over a stone cutter during the Christmas rush were over.

The next morning, bright and early, Mr. Wells took his accustomed place behind the desk. As he did so, a Jap, neatly dressed, and apparently rather young, entered, and, crossing the room, bowed courteously.

"Mr. Wells, him in, I like to see," he said in a guttural voice.

"I am Wells, and I think you're the young man that Mr. Fuller of St. Louis wrote to me about. I'm very glad indeed to see you." So saying, he extended his hand and gave the Jap a friendly hand clasp. Taking him to the work-room in the rear of the store, he introduced him to the rest of the force and showed him his bench. Sing Fu seemed pleased with his surroundings.

Sing Fu quickly made friends with all the men in the work-room. When he showed Mr. Wells his first piece of work, Mr. Wells regarded it as wonderful, so clearly cut in the ruby, which was his first stone to cut, was the head of Confucius.

One morning, a few days after Christmas, Sing Fu was called to Mr. Wells' office, where he found that gentleman restlessly pacing the floor. Motioning him to a chair, the jeweler began to speak breathlessly.

"Sing Fu, this morning one of the wealthiest and most fastidious of my customers sent some very valuable stones to be re-cut and re-mounted. The two would bring between four and five thousand dollars. They must be finished by tomorrow morning as she is sailing tomorrow at noon. Do you think you can do it?"

With a smile and shrug, Sing Fu replied, "Me try, me work allee night. Let me look, I tell better."

Mr. Wells opened the case, and there, on the yellow satin of the lining, lay a beautiful diamond, and next to it, half hidden by the coiled up platinum chain, lay Kate's Christmas present, the black opal.

Sing Fu reached eagerly for the case, and Mr. Wells afterwards remembered that his hands trembled so that he could scarcely hold the box. With glittering eyes and a voice grown husky, Sing Fu said, pointing to the opal,

"Him velly beautiful. Never before have I seen one so beautiful and brilliant. To finish that I sit up allee night!" So saying, with a low bow he left the room.

Next morning, Mr. Wells arrived at the office early and made his way to the work-room, thinking that perhaps Sing Fu was still at work. Reaching the room, he found it empty; and, turning to the Jap's bench, the first thing he saw was a large envelope bearing his name. Startled, he picked it up, and this is what he read:

Honorable Master,
Dear Sir:

My work, he finished. Tonight I leave for the home of my father, taking the black opal with me. I search two continents, my father he search lifetime for this stone. My grandfather keeper of the Temple. This jewel hang around neck of the Big God in Temple. Melican man he come, two, three times. Grandfather he watch. One night he fall asleep. Somebody come steal opal from neck of the God. As he steal from Temple, grandfather he wake, fight with man, but he big and strong more than grandfather so he get away, and in struggle left behind enclosed half of charm. My grandfather he banished from Temple. For years he look for man with other half of charm. My father he look. Now me, I look. I find. Tonight I leave for the home of my father.

The letter ended abruptly with no signature. For a moment Mr. Wells studied the piece of charm in his hand. Then, slowly, he turned and left the room, making his way to the office. He seated himself at his desk, and, taking a tiny key from his watch chain, opened a small drawer. Feeling in this drawer, still with a dazed expression, he finally found what he sought. Opening his hand, he slowly fitted together the two pieces of the charm. For a second he gazed at it fascinated; then, with a groan fell forward on the desk—for the charm had belonged to his father, and he knew well who the "Melican Man" of Sing Fu's letter was.

Lucy Glenn Gill, '30.

TO A SUNSET ROSEBUD

There was a garden at evening time—
Filled with roses, red and white;
Filled with bluebells—hear their chime;
Filled with colors vividly bright.
A girl came tripping by the way,
Singing a song so merry and gay,
Saw the flowers at once, and slowed,
Wondered which of all that showed
Themselves could be most beautiful.

A pause by each: "Too bright, too fair,
Too big, too small—not these—but there!"
She saw the sun slip from the sky,
And all at once knew reasons why
One tiny rose could rival a sun,
For Greatness lost and Beauty won,
If Beauty was a rosebud's face.

The girl looked up to God and prayed:
"Lord, Heaven will be a lovely place,
If sunset rosebuds never fade."

CLOSS PEACE, '30.

A HELPFUL CHRISTMAS DINNER

Beautiful little Judith Martin sat curled up in a big rocker. Her soft brown hair curled gracefully about her head. She had a determined little chin in which an attractive dimple was displayed when she smiled and even when she spoke. Her full lips were pressed tightly together now, and at the corners of her mouth were strange lines, half sad, half gay. Her pale cheeks were damp, and her large blue eyes were misty. A stray tear would occasionally drop on the novel that she was pretending to read.

"I bet he's got a date with Gwendolyn McArn—the old snob, I despise her—she doesn't care for Ted, but is playing around with him because he's so good-looking and such a wonderful athlete! Besides, she's entirely too rich for him," Judith mused.

"Oh, my! This time last year Ted was all mine. Why did I go to that dance with Stanley Burroughs? But Ted never really loved me or he would have trusted me. And the engagement ring he gave me last Christmas—why did he let me give it back?

A month before, Judith had gone to a dance with wealthy, handsome Stanley Burroughs, and soon after they had arrived, Ted had come. When Judith saw him she was furious, because she thought that he had not trusted her and had followed her.

Now she could recall all the mean things that she had said to Ted, and went over in her mind the whole dreadful scene.

"Ted Ryan, you don't trust me out of your sight!" she had spurted out.

Ted had just shrugged his broad shoulders. Angrier than ever, she had added, "I don't blame you for being afraid to have me go anywhere with Stanley Burroughs, for he has everything to offer a girl—and you, you, what have you to offer?"

She would never forget the hurt look in Ted's big, gray eyes that had always looked at her so kindly.

But still she had continued, "I've always trusted you. Why can't you trust me? Take your ring! We'll just call it quits! If you are like this now, what would you be if I married you?"

With this, she had turned and run into the house. But she had had one last fleeting glimpse of him on the porch, standing as if stunned. His head was lowered, and he was fumbling with the ring as if he did not know what to do with it.

Lost in thought, Judith was not aware of fat Mrs. Martin, who walked to the living-room door and peeped in. Seeing Judith, she turned quickly, and quietly tiptoed into the library, where Mr. Martin was sitting in a huge armchair reading the evening paper. His small gray eyes squinted behind his huge tortoise-shell glasses, and he chewed rather than smoked a short cigar. He had deep laughing wrinkles around his mouth. He was a jolly old man with a red face, fat cheeks, and small nose.

"What is the matter with Judy? She sits around and mopes all the time," said Mrs. Martin, a frown on her round little face.

"Ah, tut-tut, Clara, there's nothing wrong with her! She's had another quarrel with Ted, I suppose. I saw him today and he looked as if he hadn't a friend in the world. I can't understand what gets into those chaps. Cheer up, old dear, it won't last," chuckled Mr. Martin.

"By the way, Clara," he continued after a minute, "I've a first-class idea. We'll invite Ted over to Christmas dinner tomorrow. I guarantee they'll be as happy as can be in five minutes after Ted gets here."

On Christmas day the house was festive. A big holly wreath hung at the front door, and small ones hung at the windows. Bunches of mistletoe swung down from all the lights, and the light-globes were covered with odd-shaped green and red shades.

The whole house was a cheerful, friendly looking place, and an aroma of good things to eat filled the rooms.

Mrs. Martin bustled about, getting everything straight for Christmas dinner. She wore a freshly laundered black-and-white-checked gingham dress, and a stiffly starched white apron. Her fat face was red and damp, and tiny damp gray curls clung to the nape of her fat neck.

"Judy, someone's at the door!" called Mrs. Martin, and laughed on the sly.

Judy ran to the door. When she saw Ted, eagerness and a smile of delight added a new lustre to her eyes, and her pale cheeks flushed. She made a very pretty picture, and Ted's eyes devoured her.

"Ted!" she cried.

"Judy!" he returned, in a low, husky voice.

Judith began crying. Ted felt rather awkward. He walked over to Judith and clumsily put his long arms around her small shoulders.

"Now, now, Judy, don't cry, honey!"

"Ted, I'm so sorry I said those mean things! I've been so unhappy! Can you ever forgive me?"

"Sure thing, dear! That is, if you will take this ring back and promise that you'll keep it all your life."

"Dinner's ready!" shouted Mrs. Martin.

Judith and Ted, a very attractive couple—Judith small and fair, Ted tall and dark—dashed into the room. Judy was almost bursting with the glad news.

"Oh, Mom and Dad, look what Santy brought me!" she cried, beaming, and pointed to big, awkward Ted.

Evelyn Bruce.

THE EXPERT EXPLAINER

Tommy Jenkins jerked open the screen door and scurried into the house so fast that he reached the end of the hall before the door slammed after him. Bursting open the door to his right, he threw his books on a green upholstered chair and came to a sliding stop in front of the wooden rocking chair in which sat Mrs. Jenkins.

The startled Mrs. Jenkins' gold-rimmed spectacles flew off her plump nose and landed on the lapful of stockings which she was darning. Her hand jerked nervously, and the needle jabbed her finger.

"Tommy! What in the world—? Don't you ever—" she gasped. "I've got a weak heart, and you know it, Tommy Jenkins! Don't you ever—"

"Gee, Mom, I didn't go to scare you. Whew! Lookit all that blood!"

He snatched the bleeding finger, popped it into his red mouth, and sucked it so hard that his cheeks sank in and his eyes bulged out. Stout Mrs. Jenkins stared in amazement at this procedure until the pain made her hastily pull her wounded member from the cavity which it had been occupying. Her little round eyes grew big with anger, her usually fat, good natured, pink face turned a flaming red, and her usually broadly smiling mouth compressed itself into a straight line, behind which her dimples hid, securely defying search.

"Tommy Jenkins, I'm surprised at you! I really am! To make me hurt my finger and then try to suck all of the blood out of my hand! I'm surprised! What do you mean by such conduct? Speak up!"

"Aw, gee, Mom! Gip said if ya hurt yaself to suck the blood

as quick as ya could so it wouldn't get poisoned. That's what Gip said, so I did it!"

"Humph, I see you did!" said plump Mrs. Jenkins, somewhat appeased. "What have you got to say to the way you just entered the house? What are you wearing your cap backwards for? Don't wear it in the house. Take it off."

Tommy demurely removed his cap and calmly sailed it toward the mantel, where it dropped over the candlestick and hung there.

His sandy hair stood up wildly all over his head like a porcupine's quills and was surprisingly full of burs and bits of grass. Feeling his mother's eyes fastened on his untidy head, Tommy cast his brown eyes floorward, thereby seeking to distract her attention. His effort failed, however, for her gaze followed his only halfway. To be exact, it stopped, transfixed in horror, on his pants legs and his stockings. On his stockings were numerous other burs and bits of grass. This wasn't the worst of it, though; for, besides several large scratches and bruises, she observed a large rent in his pants.

"Tommy Jenkins," severely, "you've been fighting!"

"Yes'm," replied Tommy fearfully.

"You remember what I told you I would do next time you got in a fight?"

"Yes'm, but I got a good reason! I—"

Never mind the reason! I told you not to fight, didn't I?"

"Yes'm."

"Well, go get me my slipper!"

"But, Mom, I—"

"Go get that slipper!"

"Yes'm."

Tommy returned with the slipper in an unbelievably short time, considering the purpose for which he brought it. But he stood determinedly in front of his mother, feet planted wide

apart, brown eyes steady on her face, and mouth set in a straight line in a manner very similar to the way in which hers was set.

"I think you might give a feller a chance to explain! It ain't fair not to—Pa says it aint!" he stated, throwing his head back and squaring his slender shoulders.

Mrs. Jenkins' blue eyes softened and began to twinkle in spite of her. Her friendly countenance beamed, and her mouth grinned widely. She put the slipper on the windowsill with one fat hand and with the other piled stockings in a wicker sewing-basket.

"Well, I won't be unreasonable. Go ahead and explain," she conceded complacently.

"Well, teacher said today that we could have a Christmas box for the last day before the holidays and we would draw names—"

"I don't see what that's got to do with your fighting," said Mrs. Jenkins. "I believe you are just trying to put off being punished."

"No'm. It has got something to do with it! You wait! We drew names to see who we was gonna give presents to. I got a girl's name. You'll gimme some money to buy her a present, won't you, Mom? Teacher said we ought to everybody bring one so there won't be nobody not to get one."

"Yes. Whose name did you draw?"

"Rose Louise Allan's."

"Is she that little girl who, Gip says, has brown pigtails tied with blue ribbon, dog eyes, freckled face, and pug nose?"

"Yes'm. Least, Gip says so, but she ain't got dog eyes. She's got brown eyes, all soft and shiny looking—like jelly. Her nose ain't a pug nose either. It's just short, and it's better'n his. His—"

"All that's off the subject," objected Mrs. Jenkins.

"Yes'm. Well, I drew her name and after school all the boys were trying to find out who drew a girl's name. I wouldn't tell whose name I drew, and Bill Grap—"

"Bill Grap is that one who is bigger than any of you and is always beating and bullying all of you, isn't he?"

"Yes'm. He made me give him the piece of paper I drew with her name on it. When he saw who it was he began to laugh, and show it to the rest of the boys. They had to laugh, 'cause they was scared not to. That made me mad. Then he said I must love her, and he bet I knew whose name it was before I drew it. I hit him and we had a fight."

"Who beat, Tommy?"

"Well'm, I guess I did. I blacked his eye and made his nose bleed."

"Well, Tommy, since he provoked you into a fight, I won't punish you. It'll do that bully good to be beaten!" said Mrs. Jenkins.

As Mrs. Jenkins strove vainly to repress her pride, Tommy's eyes began to sparkle with relief and delight, his childish mouth relaxed from its unaccustomed hardness into a pleased smile. He turned to leave the room, but stopped as a sudden thought struck him.

"Mom," he turned his eyes on her beseechingly, "I want—won't you give me more money than the rest are gonna have? 'Bout twenty cents or a quarter? So I can buy Rose Louise something real nice so she'll know how much I like her?"

Mary Delamar, '30.

SKETCHES

A Rainy Day at the Fair

Shuffling mobs in raincoats and overshoes plow through the sticky mud of the fair grounds, and a dismal rain falls with a deadly, monotonous downpour. In the shifting sea of faces, Comedy, Tragedy, and Common-place appear alternately—a well-dressed woman, her face red with anger and embarrassment, sitting ungracefully in a large and very wet mudhole; a little girl, her lashes matted and her face streaked with tears, sleeping damply under the dripping eaves; a farmer with his family, the latter distributed generously upon and around a tiny wife, whose meek brown eyes lift with the dumb misery of a hurt dog to the lowering skies. Grey mud, grey faces shifting, grey buildings, grey skies above, and grey rain over all.

MARION TATUM, '30.

Two Litte Imps

Two fat little girls with taffy-colored hair stood on a big chair and played with the mantel clock. The biggest girl looked as if she were as broad as she was tall. Her round face was covered with freckles and dirt. She had very small, light blue eyes, which were almost invisible because her face was wrinkled up in an expression of mischief. Her broad, ugly face looked like the face of a squat, uncouth heathen idol. Her smaller companion was her counterpart except for her baby plumpness and her slightly more attractive face. Both of them pulled and pushed the works of the clock with destructive force. Growing tired of that, they jerked the clock around and opened the door to the dial. In a minute both their faces were frozen in an expression of horror, for they had broken off the hands of the clock.

JANET CRINKLEY, '30.

The Baby

"Isn't she just adorable?" Miss Lucy piped, as she paused in the middle of the sidewalk under a huge awning. She nudged her tall, erect companion and inclined her flexible figure low over the dainty little creature in the little red carriage.

Miss Nancy stopped short, head high in the air, and searched the baby with her piercing blue eyes.

"Oh, its hair is red!" she announced scornfully, and tucked her stiff black skirt close, lest it touch the carriage.

Pauline Adcock, '30.

The Daily Job

Punctually at twelve o'clock every day a window over Bredtch's Sausage Shop was flung up and old Mrs. Bredtch poked her head out to call her errant son. Perspiration stood in beads on her forehead and ran down her cheeks, leaving little paths of grime on her flushed face. Her stringy grey hair was pulled straight back from her forehead and screwed in a tight knot at the back of her head, giving the skin of her face the appearance of being stretched taut across the bones.

She opened her large, shapeless mouth, disclosing a few yellow teeth and many toothless cavities, and yelled, in a rasping voice, "Abie! Oh, Abie! Ver iss you, Abie? Abie Bredtch! Oh, Abie!"

Then she pulled in her head as a turtle might withdraw to his shell, heaved a huge sigh, and wiped her streaming face with the end of a dirty apron. Muttering, "Ach Gott, das Kind!" she slammed the window, shutting in mingled odors of boiling cabbage and fried onions.

Sybille Berwanger, '30.

DISAPPOINTMENT

Blue eyes danced expectantly under the boy's thatch of sandy hair as he watched the plump little girl toss her brown curls back from her round, pink face and sedately approach the empty seat ahead of him. His freckled snub nose rested gently on the top of his geography book. His dirty, tanned hands, trembling in his eagerness, unconsciously lowered the book from in front of his widely grinning mouth and exposed his tongue, which darted swiftly from one to another of two gaps in his otherwise even rows of white teeth. He fairly shivered in excitement as the little girl reached the seat.

Abruptly his tongue became still, his mouth dropped open, and his eyes seemed ready to pop from their sockets with surprise and disappointment, for the fat little girl raised the seat to recapture her fallen pencil, and a tiny tack dropped from the seat to the floor and lay there unnoticed.

MARY DELAMAR, '30.

THE RESULTS OF THE GAME

The moment one entered the room one could detect that Stanner College had lost the football game. One dejected piece of masculinity was draped limply over a large chair in the corner. On the bed reposed another, his head bowed in his hands. A rather tall boy stood gazing out the window—seeing nothing, hearing less. The fourth was propped nonchalantly, in a straight chair, against the foot of the other bed. The room was clouded with smoke from half-consumed cigarettes; silence and gloom prevailed.

HELEN DAVIS BROWN, '30.

NEWS NOTES

October 23. The Barrere Little Symphony Orchestra was presented by the Civic Music Association at the Hugh Morson High School. The Peace girls attended in a body, and enjoyed the famous orchestra very much.

October 25. A holiday for the girls who wished to attend the State Fair.

October 27. The two Literary societies, the Pi Theta Mu and Sigma Phi Kappa societies, entertained their new members at banquets. The Pi's held their beautiful banquet at the Peacock Alley Tea Room, and the Sig's held their equally lovely entertainment at the Woman's Club.

October 28. It grieved the heart of every Peace girl to hear of the death of Hallie Tennille. Hallie was always so sweet, gentle, and kind, that no one can ever take her place in our hearts.

November 22. The Peace girls attended the Art Exhibit at the Sir Walter Hotel. Many interesting pictures were on exhibition.

November 24. The P. S. C. A. held an Oriental Bazaar in the gymnasium. Many lovely things from China and Japan were shown. An added attraction was the "Peach Blossom Tea Room" where sandwiches and drinks were sold.

November 29. Thanksgiving Day. Many of the girls went home for the day, and those who remained at Peace attended church. At two o'clock a wonderful Thanksgiving dinner was served in the dining room.

December 5. The day set apart for the dedication of the Burwell Memorial Library and The Mary Rice Lacy Study Hall. The dedication services were held in the chapel at twelve o'clock. The address was by Dr. B. R. Lacy, Jr. Immediately after the services came the unveiling of the memorial tablets

in the Library. Following the unveiling, a buffet luncheon was served in the dining room.

November 6. The Peace girls all enjoyed the wonderful concert by Fritz Kreisler.

A POEM

Here lies, 'neath the soil, somebody's buddy—
Broke her poor back with ceaseless study.
Just hold yo' hosses and you'll find out
How this sad death did come about.
Very well, first, I've now to say
She studied too hard on Latin A;
On French and Spanish 'twas her delight
To sit and study all hours of the night.
Not even to mention the time o' day
She would be studying a Shakespeare play.
"Very well, I think I knows
Every bit of my next week's prose!
I'll study some more on History A
Just before I hit the hay."
And under her pillow her books she kept,
And dreamed of Napoleon while she slept.
When morn came and she'd awake
Her History book she would take
And read aloud, line after line,
Seventeen hundred and eighty-nine.
And this was her sad, her awful fate:
She couldn't remember a single date!
Then came Senior English, and she fell ker-plunk,
And here she lies on Nature's bunk!

ANN BALL, '30.

JOKES

Day student: Can you tell me the way to study hall?

Al McLean: Sorry, but I'm a student here, too.

Miss Poteat (dictating a long biography of Francis Bacon): Bacon died—

Voice from rear: Thank goodness!

Miss Kuhns: Charlotte, what is space?

Charlotte Wilkinson: I have it in my head, Miss Kuhns, but I can't express it.

Dixie Middleton (waiting for the drug store boy): I wish he'd come on!

Margaret Wilkerson: Here he comes now by that department house!

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Closs Peace: I like nothing better.

Elizabeth Bearden: The plan of The Canterbury Tales was two tales each way.

Visitor: I don't see the fire escapes for the new buildings.

Bright young Ida: Oh, it's leap year!

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Alma Walden: What's the use of both of us worrying?

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